

# MAKESHIFT WANDERERS LOSE THEIR BEARINGS

By ARGUS

Wycombe Wanderers 0,  
Leytonstone 3

**T**HE brave new soccer season began with an ice cold douche of pessimism for Wycombe Wanderers' supporters. Wanderers—so nearly the Isthmian League standard-bearers after a memorable finish last season—looked what they were, a team which had had the heart torn out of it by the loss of Moring, Truett and Fryer and by the temporary absence of Trott and Tomlin.

Experimental, makeshift-Wycombe gave second best in both ideas and firing power to a strong but orthodox Leyton-

stone team but the final score is a silly commentary on a game which could, quaintly enough, have been won by the Wanderers.

The East Enders—not surprisingly—were the slicker all round combination. They took their chances like cheerful opportunists in a game which looked suspiciously like the 1959-60 season all over again.

## "MISSED SITTERS"

Four men dictated the 3-0 scoreline.

Paul Bates who, although muffled and muzzled by pivot Newman, still missed two "sitters".

Len Worley, whose electric dribbling was followed by far too few penetrating centres.

Derek Griffin, the awe-inspiring, so-calm, so commendably safe Leytonstone goalkeeper, and

Speedster Roy Hammond, the visiting right winger, who gave Jack Timberlake such a puzzling time on his first team debut.

Only Worley of the home forwards had the consistent beating of the rugged Leytonstone defence, surviving the lashing tackles of full-back Wood, but he managed to steer the ball into Griffin's arms with Joe Davis accuracy.

## TROTT MISSED

Although Michael Rockell combined neatly with Worley in his "welcome home" game he was a strangely toothless tiger when it came to shooting. As a unit, the Wycombe attack lacked cohesion and force and without Cliff Trott was very much carrots without roast beef.

*Wycombe hobbled along like a one winged duck with the experimental left wing fading into obscurity. New boy Ted Robertson was clearly non-plussed by this class of soccer while Peter James, partnering him at outside left, played like an honest-to-goodness centre forward yearning for the uncomplicated life of the middle.*

John Bartholomew, skipping Wycombe for the first time, took the part as he generalised a re-shaped defence which played sensibly and unluckily. Two of the Leytonstone goals might not have been, had the fates been kinder, and there was never a hint of panic.

Leytonstone began with a rush in each half and twice caught the Wycombe defenders cold with briskly taken goals. In their first attack the "Stones" scored, centre-forward Greenhill heading the ball wide of goalkeeper Brown from Hammond's centre.

Young Dave Thomas was prominent in mid-field raids as Wycombe tried hard to strike up an understanding. Bates-Worley moves looked Wycombe's best bet for an equaliser but Griffin picked off two short range Bates efforts as if he were playing ball on the beach.

Within two minutes of the restart international veteran Alf Noble, newly returned to Leytonstone, engineered a second goal. Former general Alf had been cleverly pacing the game but when he let fly from outside the penalty area all Brown could do was to parry the ball away. On the spot was winger Hammond to crash the rebound back into the net.

Wycombe made a great effort to find some co-ordination. The unhappy Robertson was switched to the wing with James moving inside and, for a time, Griffin came into the firing line. But Leytonstone held out without much difficulty and two minutes from time Noble clipped in a rather harshly awarded penalty award after Beck had handled as he was falling.